Why then these were not Fairies?
Mis: Page. No sir *Iohn*, but boyes.
Fal. By the Lord I was twice or thrice in the minde
They were not, and yet the grosenesse
Of the foppery perswaded me they were.
Well, if the fine wits of the Court heare this,
They'l so whip me with their keene iests,
That they'l melt me out like tallow,
Drop by drop out of my grease. Boyes!
Sir Hu. I trust me boyes Sir *Iohn*, and
I was also a Fairy that did helpe to pinch you.
Fal. I, tis well I am your May-pole,
You haue the start of me,
Am I written too with a welch goate?
With a peece of toasted cheese?
Sir Hugh. Butter is better then cheese sir *Iohn*,
You are all butter, butter.
For. There is a further matter yet sir *Iohn*,
Ther's 20. pound you borrowed of M. *Brooke* Sir *Iohn*,
And it must be paid to M. *Foord* Sir *Iohn*.
Mis: For. Nay husband let that go to make amends,
Forgiue that sum, and so wee'l all be friends.
For. Well here's my hand, all is forgiuen at last.
Fal. It hath cost me well,
I haue beene well pinched and washed.
Enter the Doctor.
Mis: Pa. Now M. Doctor, sonne I hope you are.
Doct. Sonne, be-gar you be de ville voman,
Be-gar I tinck to marry metres *Anne*, and begar
Tis a whorson garson Iack boy.
Mis: Page. How, a boy?

Doct.

Doct. I be-gar a boy.
Page. Nay be not angry wife, Ile tell thee true,
It was my plot to deceiue thee so:
And by this time your daughter is married
To M. *Slender*, and see where he comes.
Enter Slender.
Now sonne *Slender*, wher'es your Bride?
Slen. Bride, by Gods lyd I thinke there's neuer a man in the worell hath that crosse fortune that I haue: by God I could cry for very anger.
Page. Why what's the matter sonne *Slender*?
Slen. Sonne, nay by God I am none of your sonne.
Page. No, why so?
Slen. Why so God saue me, tis a boy that I haue married.
Page. How, a boy? why did you mistake the word?
Slen. No neyther, for I came to her in red as you bad me, and I cried mum, and he cried budget, so well as euer you heard, and I haue married him.
Sir Hugh. Ieshu M. *Slender*, cannot you see but marry boyes?
Page. O I am vext at heart, what shall I do?
Enter Fenton and Anne Page.
Mis. Pa. Here comes he that hath deceiu'd vs all,
How now daughter, where haue you bin?
Anne. At Church forsooth.
Page. At Church, what haue you done there?
Fen. Married to me, nay sir neuer storme,
Tis done sir now, and cannot be vndone.
Foord. Ifaith M. *Page* neuer chafe your selfe,
She hath made her choise wheras her hart was fixt,

Then